



CHARLES STARRETT

No. 10

and
The

DURANGO KID

10¢



THE SHOW'S ON,
GANG!

New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALLI
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you to a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skated and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH
BATTERY AND BULB!

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, $4\frac{1}{4}$ " x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last word in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

**SEAGEE CO., Dept. 11BC
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.**

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name.....

(Please Print Plainly)

Street.....

City.....

Zone..... State.....

I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

The DURANGO KID

IT'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT WHEN THE DURANGO KID, SCOURGE OF THE PLAINS, TAKES TO THE HIGH SEAS IN PURSUIT OF A BAND OF CUTTHROAT BUCCANEERS! SIX-GUN JUSTICE TAKES A NEW AND PERILOUS TURN!

Under the SKULL and CROSSBONES



IN THE HARBOR OF THE LITTLE SEACOAST TOWN OF EL PASSANO, A NEW SHIP IS MOORED...

WELL, "ONE-EYE" DODO— HERE SHE IS, ALL OURS! WITH THIS COMBINATION OF SAIL AND STEAM, SHE'S PROBABLY THE FASTEST SHIP IN THESE WATERS!

RIGHT! AND SPEED IS WHAT A PIRATE SHIP NEEDS MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE!



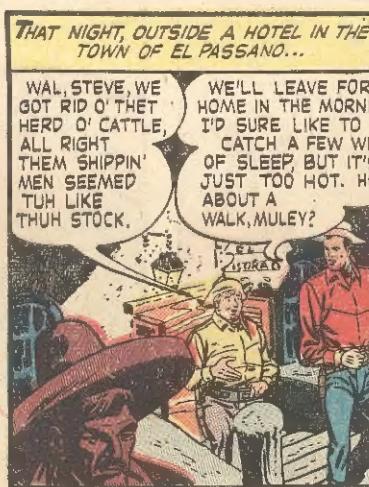
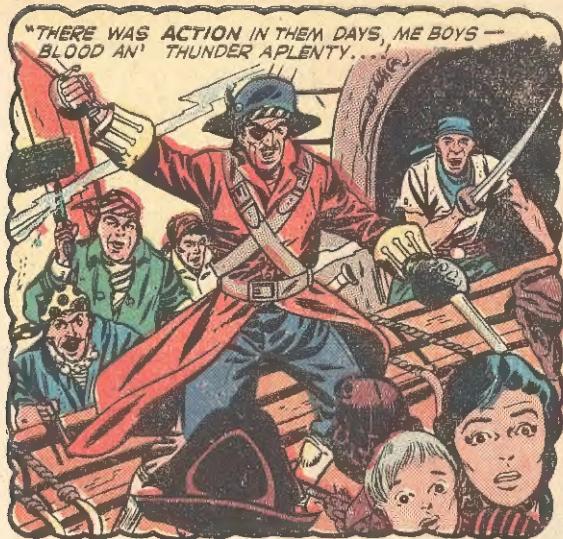
AND YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT, "ONE-EYE"— RIGHT?

RIGHT, ME LAD! THERE AINT NOBODY ALIVE KNOWS MORE ABOUT PIRACY ON THE HIGH SEAS THAN ME! THEM WAS THE DAYS, BRAMSON...

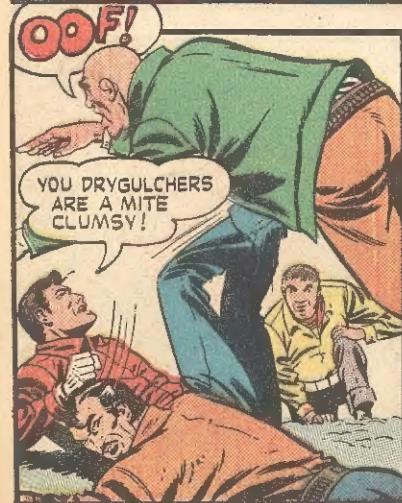


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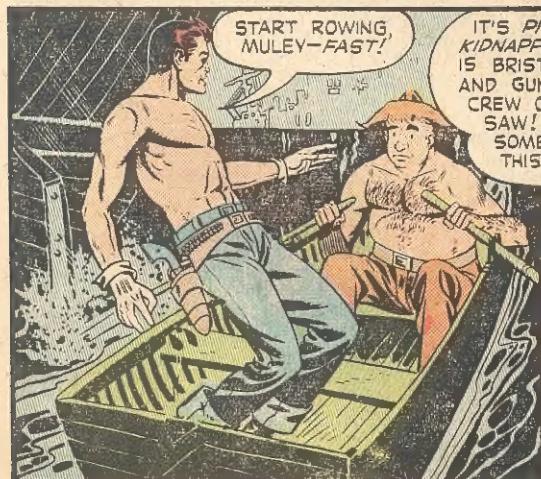
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

EL PASSANO IS JUST A TINY TOWN. THERE'S ONLY ONE PEACE OFFICER AND NO TROOPS STATIONED HERE AT ALL. IT'S A BIG JOB, MULEY!

AIN'T NO JOB TOO BIG FOR THUH MAN I'M THINKIN' ABOUT, STEVE!

I'M THINKING OF HIM, TOO, MULEY—**THE DURANGO KID!** LUCKY I'VE GOT RAIDER HIDDEN JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN. I'LL BE GONE UNTIL DAWN, PARDNER...

A FAST SPRINT LATER... AT A HIDEOUT JUST OUTSIDE OF EL PASSANO...

IT'S A THREE HOUR GALLOP TO THE CAMP OF THE FRIENDLY ARAPAHOES—AND I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT BACK BEFORE DAWN!



MEANWHILE,
BACK AT
THE DOCK...

THEM BUZZARDS CAIN'T SAIL 'TILL THEY GIT MORE MEN—AN' THAT'LL KEEP 'EM IN PORT TILL DURANGO GITS BACK. THEY WON'T GIT PAST ME, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT!

BULL'S-EYE! WE GOT OUR MAN! NOW WE CAN SAIL IN JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS—AS SOON AS THE TIDE COMES IN! GET HIM ABOARD RIGHT AWAY, MEN!



LITTLE REALIZING THE FATE OF HIS PAL, DURANGO RIDES THROUGH THE NIGHT TO THE ARAPAHOE CAMP...

HAIL, CHIEF BIG OWL! IT IS I, DURANGO, WHO HAS NEED OF YOU AND YOUR DAUNTLESS WARRIOR THIS NIGHT!

WE FOLLOW YOU, DURANGO—ANYWHERE!

I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

AND, AS DAWN LIGHTS UP THE SKY OF EL PASSANO, EARLY RISERS HEAR AN UNFAMILIAR THUNDER IN THE STREETS...



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE HOLD OF "THE VULTURE"...

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT THAT SCHOONER BEARING DOWN ON US, BRAMSON—NEVER DID I SEE A SAILING SHIP MOVE SO FAST!

HOLY SMOKE—TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THIS TELESCOPE. THOSE ARE INDIANS IN THE RIGGING—with BLANKETS BETWEEN THEM, TO CATCH THE WIND!

THEY'RE SHOOTING ARROWS! YIPE! HARD ALEE! TURN ABOUT, MATE! MAN THE GUNS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

IT'S DURANGO!
YIPPEE!!
LEAVE IT TUH MUH PARDNER!

THE GREAT SEA BATTLE IS ON! THE PIRATE SHIP "VULTURE" HEELS ABOUT TO BROADSIDE AND—

KEEP HER BROADSIDE, STEERSMEN!... GUNNERS—READY—AIM—**FIRE!**

BAR-RoccOm

WHILE ABOARD THE SCHOONER...

NO USE, DURANGO—THEY'VE GOT US OUTGUNNED! THAT LAST VOLLEY TOOK AWAY OUR MAINMAST!

THERE'S STILL A WAY, McGINTY... IF YOU'RE WILLING TO SACRIFICE YOUR SHIP...

IF IT WORKS, THAT PIRATE SHIP IS YOURS! LISTEN TO THIS...

A GREAT IDEA!... MEN—KNOCK OUT THE SEA-COCKS—SINK THE BLOOMIN' SHIP!

THE DURANGO KID



BUT WHAT MULEY DOESN'T
SEE—WHAT NO ONE SEES...



THE DURANGO KID



THAT'S ONE LUBBER I AIN'T SORRY FER!

AND, A FEW HOURS LATER... I'M RE-NAMING HER "THE DOVE" RIGHT NOW, DURANGO—BECAUSE IT'S THE WAY OF PEACE SHE'LL BE SAILIN'!!



THE END

THE DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID

WHEN THE CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE OF RED HOOK PICKED THEMSELVES A SHERIFF, THEY NEVER KNEW THE NAMELESS THREAT OF DEATH THAT THE NEXT DAY WOULD BRING. THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY'D NEED THE DURANGO KID TO BEAT BACK THE RUTHLESS
~ "BLACKMAIL TERROR!"



LATE AT NIGHT—IN A CABIN NOT FAR FROM RED HOOK...

JACK BURTON, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN THIS LATE? I LIKE TO WORRIED MYSELF SICK!

SORRY, MARTHA. I WAS AT A VERY IMPORTANT MEETING IN RED HOOK.



WE DONE FORMED US A CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE TUH FIGHT OUTLAWYR IN THIS TERRITORY— AN' I GUESS I BEEN 'LECTED SHERIFF!



YOU — SHERIFF! OH, JACK...

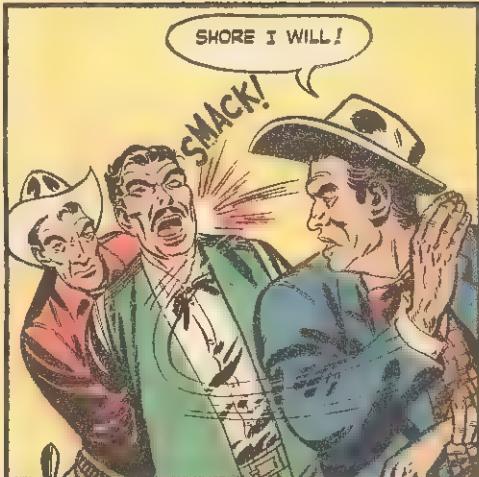
THAT MEANS OPEN WAR WITH THAT MURDEROUS GANG OF JED CRACK'S! AND YOU'LL BE IN THE MIDDLE OF IT—OH, JACK, I'M FRIGHTENED!



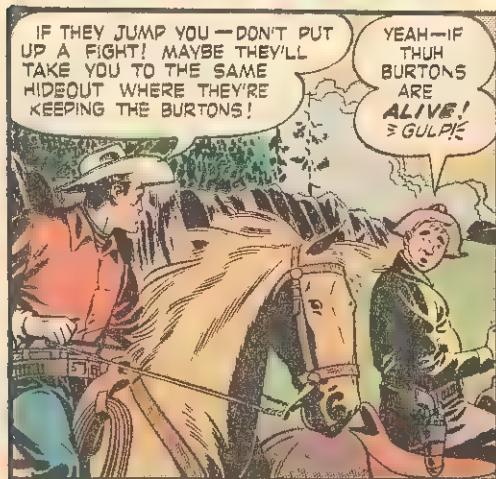
AN' YUH GOT GOOD CAJSE TUH BE FRIGHTENED, MRS. BURTON! SO YUH'RE THUM NEW "SHERIFF" EH, BARTON?



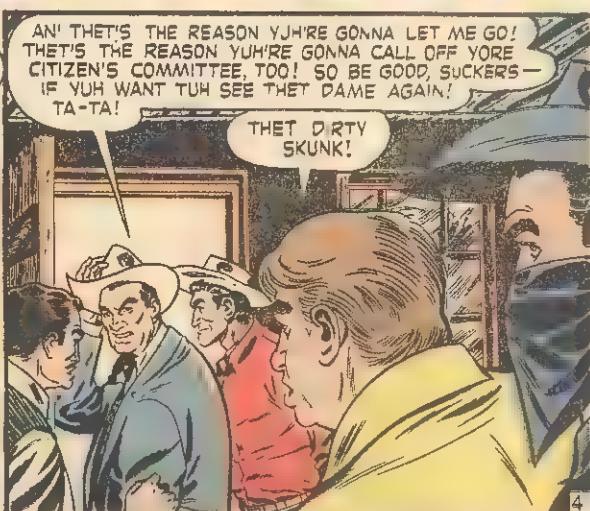
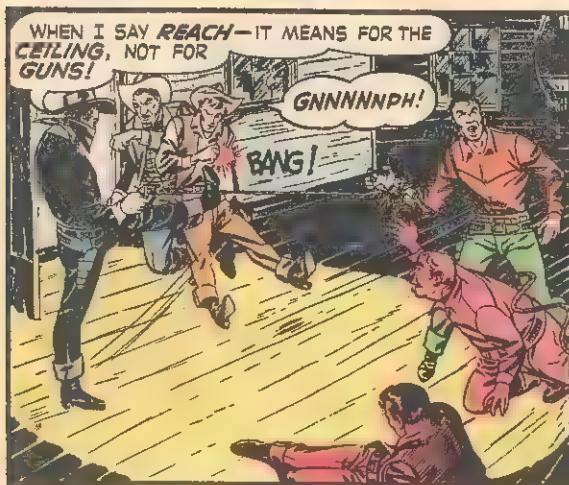
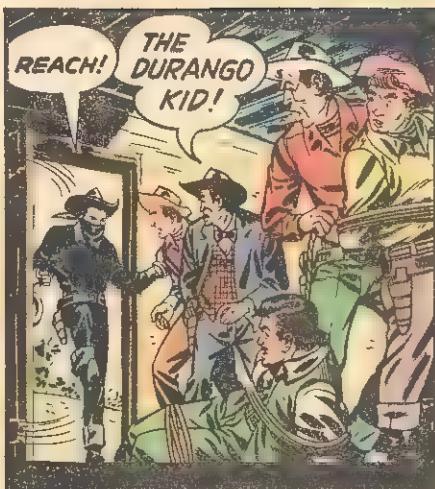
THE DURANGO KID



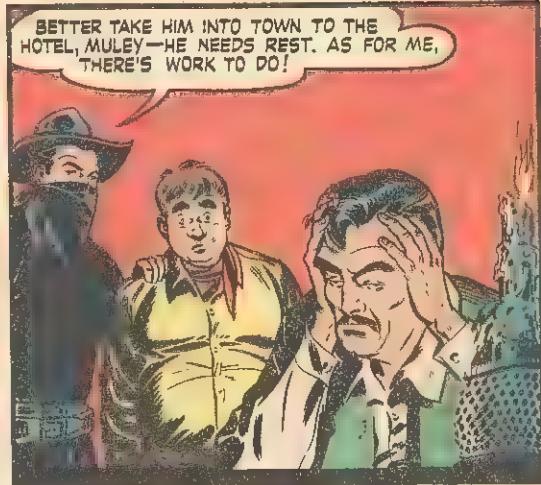
THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

VUP, ALL WE'RE WAITIN' FER IS THUH WORD FROM BURTON. THEN WE GO HOME, GIT OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS AN' COME OUT GUNNIN' FER CRACK AN' HIS FILTHY BROOD!



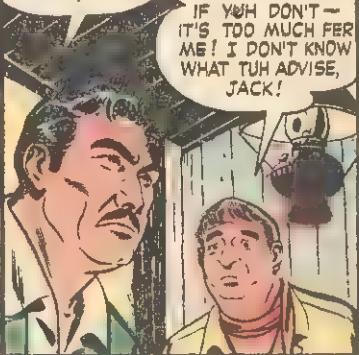
BUT, INSIDE THE HOTEL...

THEY WANT ME TO GIVE THEM THE WORD, MULEY. GOLLY, WHUT'LL I DO? IF I DO, IT MEANS THE CERTAIN DEATH OF MY WIFE....



...AND IF I DON'T—IT—IT MEANS THE DEATH OF LAW AND ORDER! I'M ALL MIXED UP. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, I—I—

HANGED IF YUH DO AN' HANGED IF YUH DON'T—IT'S TOO MUCH FER ME! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TUH ADVISE, JACK!



WELL, I KNOW WHAT TO ADVISE, BURTON! I ADVISE YUH TUH GIT OUT ON THET BALCONY AN' TELL THET MOB TUH GO HOME... OR ELSE!



**BURTON!
MODRAY FER
BURTON!
GIVE IT
TUH 'EM,
JACK**

I GOT MUH GUN IN YORE BACK AN' MUH GUNSLINGERS IN THUH CROWD DOWN THAR—50 NO MONKEY BJS.NESS... GET IT?



I'VE MADE UP MUH MIND—I KNOW WHUT I'M GOIN' TUH SAY!



MEN! CRACK'S BEHIND ME W.T.H HIS IRON IN MUH BACK AN' HIS ROTTEN GUNSLICKS ARE DOWN THAR WITH YOJ! I SAY—FIGHT INJUSTICE AN' CRACK'S KIND O' BLACKMAIL! FIGHT—TILL DEATH!



THE DURANGO KID



SHERIFF JACK BURTON TAKES HIS REVENGE!

IT TOOK A
LONG TIME, CRACK - BJT BETTER
LATE THAN
NEVER!

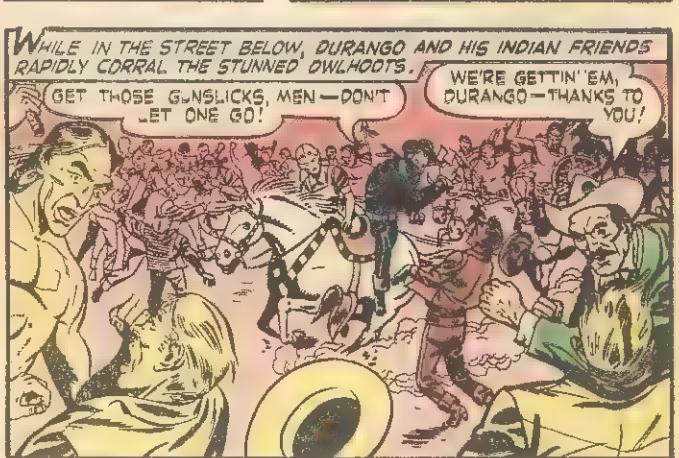


A dynamic comic book panel depicting a group of cowboys on horseback riding through a cloud of dust. The scene is filled with motion lines and a sense of speed. Two speech bubbles are positioned above the action, containing the following text:

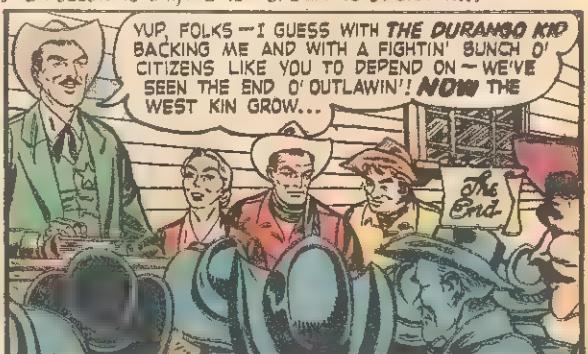
—IT'S THE DURANGO KID!

WITH THUH
WHOLE DURNED
SHOESHONE
CAVALRY!

AN' WITH
MARTHA BURTON,
TOO!



THE FOLLOWING DAY THE NEW SHERIFF IS SWORN IN...



Dan Brand and Tipi

DAN BRAND AND TIPI

EVIL HITS A NEW HIGH IN THIS GRIPPING TALE OF THE BATTLE FOR LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS! A NEW DANGER — MORE SINISTER, MORE ELUSIVE AND MORE TERROR-PACKED THAN EVER BEFORE — THREATENS TO ENGULF DAN BRAND AND TIPPI. AND WHEN THE DANGER STRIKES, TIPPI IS LOST TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING — AND EVEN DAN ALMOST SUCCUMBS TO THE DREADED

"Sleep of Death"



IN THE MOHAWK WIGWAM OF CHIEF RED FOOT...

I BRING MEDICINE FOR MY CHIEF RED FOOT.
I BRING WISE WORDS.

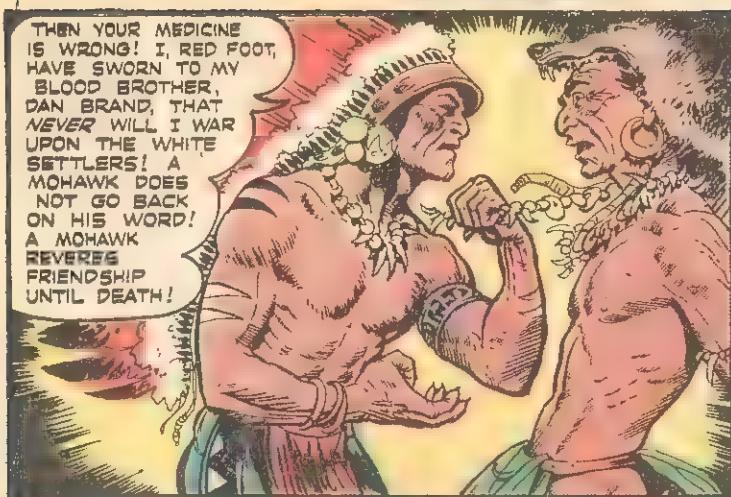
TELL ME SAGAMAW — WHAT DOES YOUR MEDICINE SAY?



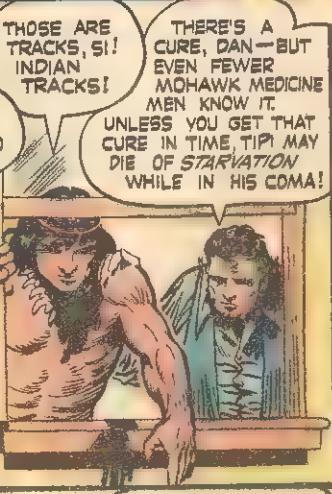
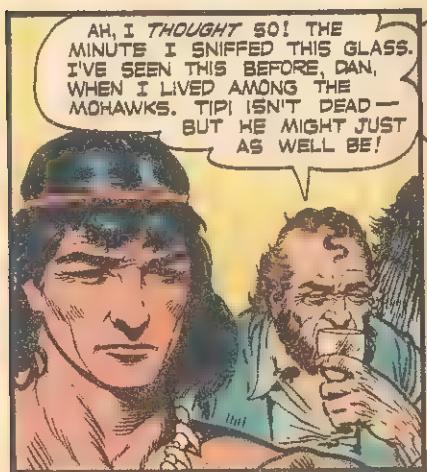
MY MEDICINE TELLS ME, RED FOOT, THAT NOW IS THE TIME TO DESCEND UPON THE WHITE SETTLERS IN THE VALLEY AND CUT THEM TO PIECES! NOT ONE MUST LIVE!



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID

THE LONG TREK TO THE MOHAWK CAMP TAKES ALL NIGHT. AT MORNING, IN THE WIGWAM OF CHIEF RED FOOT...

YES, DAN BRAND — THIS IS TRULY THE DREAD SLEEP OF DEATH, FROM WHICH SO FEW RETURN. I WILL SEND FOR SAGAMAW, MY OWN MEDICINE MAN... PERHAPS HE KNOWS THE CURE!

WHAT? OUR LITTLE BROTHER TIPI? HOW TERRIBLE! WHAT EVIL RENEGADE OF A MOHAWK COULD HAVE DONE THIS?

SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG... I MUST PLAY MY GAME CLEVERLY....!

I DO NOT KNOW A CURE FOR THIS, DAN BRAND. BUT THERE IS A MEDICINE MAN IN ANOTHER MOHAWK TRIBE WHO DOES. IT IS A FULL DAY'S JOURNEY BY MOUNTAIN TRAILS...

THEN LEAD ME TO HIM — NOW!

MAY THE GOOD SPIRITS ATTEND YOUR FOOTSTEPS, BROTHER DAN BRAND.

LATER — ON THE TRAIL...

WE MUST WAIT FOR SAGAMAW'S SIGNAL...

THAT SUDDEN SHADOW...

THUNDER! THAT DAN BRAND HAS THE MANY LIVES OF A CAT! I WILL HAVE TO TRY ANOTHER WAY...!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



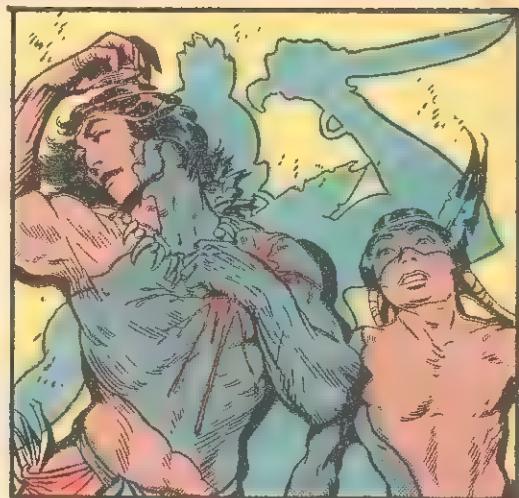
THE DURANGO KID

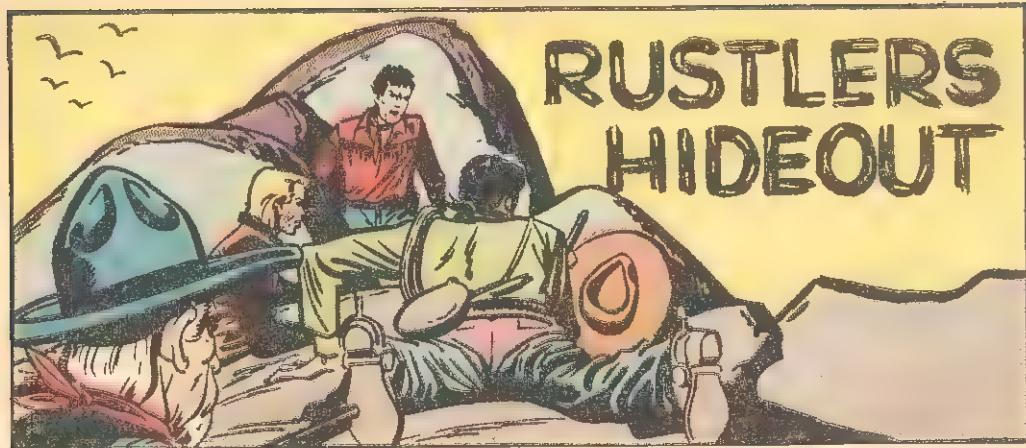


DAN MUSTERS HIS TREMENDOUS WILL
—STAGGERS BACK TO THE CAVE,
FINDS A HOLLOW STONE ...



THE DURANGO KID





RUSTLERS HIDEOUT

Tippy Lafferty pumped a shell into his Winchester .44-40 and swore bitterly. For the fifth time this month, he was too late to catch more than a glimpse of the men who had been stealing his cows! They worked in threes, and they never seemed to rest.

Tippy was the last of the little ranchers around Saddle Gap who still dared to stand before the outlaws. The rest had buckled under the pressure, and sold out to the big Lazy-J outfit, or to the new syndicate that was buying steers for its Montana range.

Tippy toed his paint pony into a trot. He stared at the ground, where hoofs had cut the rich grama grass around the carcass of a dead Hereford.

"Danged yellabacks," he said to the wind. "Run when they hear a shell whistle at 'em! If I had any proof—".

He sat there in the cheap saddle, big hands tightened into hard fists. A fire came and grew in his slate-grey eyes, and his face hardened until the muscles at the sides of his jaw bulged.

Give me the proof, and I'll yank sheriff Tait out'n his office and boot him into a kak! I'll make him arrest somebody, 'fore I'm through!

All he needed was the proof, but proof that a man was a rustler was hard to come by in the Saddle Gap Basin. Too many men had been shot out of saddles or dropped over cliff edges, to let tongues wag easily in the Basin country. Men kept remembering the way Hank Tidwell died, and the way Ike Armsworth had looked, broken over a jag-tooth rock. They always turned away from Tippy when he asked questions, and their faces were sick.

Tippy stared at the ground, studying sign. He had read sign a good many times before, and he'd always lost the trail over in the lava flats. Even an Apache would have trou-

ble trailin' over that stuff, and Tippy was no Apache.

"I'll go as far's I can," he told the paint pony doggedly, and toed him into a run.

The sun was low in the hills beyond Gap City when he left the flats and quartered toward town. He had gone further into the flats than ever before, and he stared with interest at the queer rock formations. Thousands of years before, a river had flowed here; had mixed with the volcano that had spewed out the lava, and the result was the Saddle Gap badlands.

There was one sandstone butte that looked vaguely like the profile of an Indian. Tippy watched it, turning in the saddle, as he rode. He was just swinging back into position when the bullet zipped past his ear, sang off the rock, and went whistling skyward.

"Giddap, Rainbow," he told the paint, and kicked his ribs until the cowpony flashed hoofs at the ground.

He reined up in front of the sheriff's office two hours later.

The sheriff was reading a copy of the Tombstone *Epitaph* as Tippy opened the door. He grunted when he saw Tippy, and brought his feet down off the desk.

Tippy said, "Just ran into a couple more of 'em! They took some shots at me, too! They're somewhere out around the lava beds!"

The sheriff squinted up at him, and pursed his lips. "Ain't much to go on, Tippy. Them lava beds is plumb big. We could ride two days an' not cross 'em, the long way."

"Way I figure it is, I was gettin' plumb close to their hideout when they shot at me. Other times, they let me strictly alone, to wander around like a lost dogie."

The sheriff stood up and reached for his sombrero. "If you say so, Tippy, I'll come along. I'll round up a couple of the boys in case there's more shootin'."

THE DURANGO KID

Tippy felt his heart thud with excitement. At last he was getting action. He put his hand on his Colt, lifted it out and thumbed the cylinder. Thoughtfully he drew a shell from his belt and slipped it into the empty chamber that usually rested under the hammer. He snapped the cylinder shut and re-holstered his gun.

They came out on the lava beds in early afternoon. Tippy was standing in the stirrups, hunting ahead of him with his eyes, seeking the sandstone butte that had so closely resembled an Indian profile. When he saw it he pointed, and the posse turned and rode with him.

A rifle slammed a .44-40 shell at them when they were a thousand yards from the profiled rock. Winchesters and Henrys slid up out of saddle holsters, and booted toes dug deep into horses' flanks.

The sheriff yelled, "Doggone, Tippy—I figgered this fer a wild goose chase! Mebbe we've latched onto somethin' at last!"

They drove at the rocks, spreading out to form a thin line. Rifles began to talk in whiplike cracks. Tippy saw a tiny form high on the rocks, and caught him in the vee of his sights. He never knew whether it was his bullet or another's that hit the man, but the tiny form threw wide its arms and slid lifelessly over the cliff's high rim.

Now they were among the rock's themselves, climbing while others covered their path. Tippy and the sheriff led the climb, clawing here with a hand, digging into a rock crevice with a boot-toe there. They went up and up, until the hot breath of the level lands was gone, and the cool mountain breeze ruffled their shirts.

A face came suddenly over the rim, ten feet above Tippy. With the face was a hand, and in the hand—a gun!

Tippy cried out, let loose a grip with his right hand and yanked at his Colt. It went up and it blasted full in the face of the man on the cliff. He went up the rocks swiftly, then dragged himself over the edge.

Spread out below him was a tiny valley. Set back against the cliff's overhang was a big mountain cabin built of logs, and connected to it was a series of log corrals filled to bursting with Herefords and Durhams. But more important to Tippy were the four men coming at him on the run, guns up and leveled.

A finger of flame came and touched his right shoulder with a scorching heat. Tippy fired once, then twice. One man went down, in the path of the others. Two more fell over him.

Tippy and the man that remained faced

each other. Tippy triggered his Colt in the same instant as the outlaw did, but Tippy threw himself sideways, so that the bullet ripped his levis, but did not break the skin of his thigh.

The single outlaw standing bent sideways knees buckling under him until he slid into the dirt.

The sheriff was beside Tippy now, running toward the two living rustlers hastily climbing to their feet. The sheriff yelled, "It's the Lazy-J crew! I know these galoots!"

One of the outlaws knelt there in the dirt and brought up his gun, but Tippy fired from behind the sheriff and the rustler sighed softly and fell into the dust.

The sheriff said, "Me an' the boys will handle 'em, Tippy. You've fought your fight. You're through! Stay here."

Tippy started to argue but the sheriff's face was etched in granite. He said, "I've been pushed around by the Lazy-J a long time, boy. This is a chance I wouldn't miss fer the world an' Sunday! I'm goin' in there with my posse an' clean out the doggone sidewinders! You done your part. Stay here and guard this hombre."

The only one of the four rustlers left alive was calmly rolling a cigarette, his face inscrutable. He was a man in his late twenties, with the lean look of the habitual longrider about him. He wore his guns low on his thighs, and the butts of the guns that weighted them down were worn smooth. He looked at Tippy, then veiled his eyes. He went and sat down on a flat rock.

Tippy watched the sheriff and his posse move through the mesquite, toward the cabin. He stood until they were tiny dots in the distance, when they disappeared behind a rock outcropping.

The rustler seated on the rock chuckled. Tippy turned. The rustler blew cigarette smoke coolly. He said, "Now that was plumb foolish of the sheriff, leavin' you to guard me. Anybody else—but not you."

Tippy said curiously, "Why not me?"

"You fired five times, hombre—and I been watchin' you like a hawk. You haven't re-loaded. Every gunman keeps the chamber on his hammer empty!"

Tippy opened his mouth to speak when the rustler came to his feet and yanked his gun. Tippy's right hand flashed. His gun came up and spoke. The rustler, a look of intense surprise on his face, began to fall forward.

Tippy said, "When you fight snakes, you got to be ready for their tricks. Only a low-down owlhoot would try and shoot an unarmed man. Reckon it was a good thing I filled that empty chamber, back in the sheriff's office—a plumb good thing!"

THE END

THE DURANGO KID

The DURANGO KID

I BEEN WAITIN' FER
THIS, DURANGO — YUH
MET UP WITH YORE
MATCH AT LAST...!

CLICK
CLICK

IT'S NOT JUST ANOTHER MANHUNT TO THE DURANGO KID WHEN HE TAKES UP THE TRAIL OF **BIG JOE**! IT MEANS THAT THE STRONGEST AND SCRAPPIEST HERO OF THE WEST IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE STRONGEST AND SCRAPPIEST BADMAN — AND THAT TRAIL WILL END IN A FURY OF ACTION, POUNDING FISTS AND BLASTING GUNS! THE END OF THE TRAIL IS THE SCRAP OF THE CENTURY AND THERE'S NO TELLING THE OUT-COME OF THE **"SHOWDOWN BATTLE!"**

IN THE BACK ROOM OF A DINGY FRAME SHACK AT THE EDGE OF TOWN...

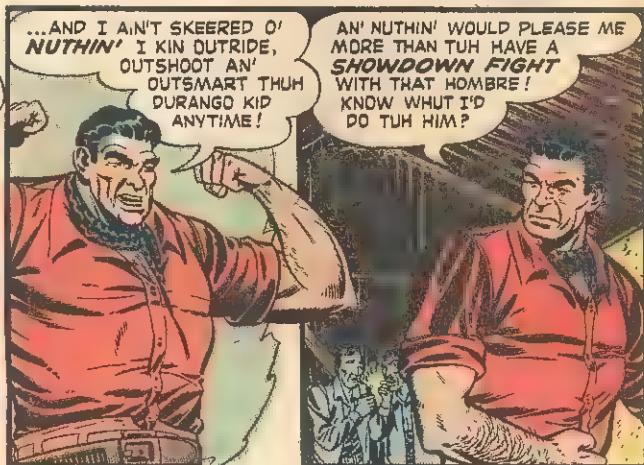
THIS HERE BANK ROBBERY YUH'RE PLANNIN' IS A MIGHTY BIG THING, BIG JOE...

IT'S GOT ME SKEERED!

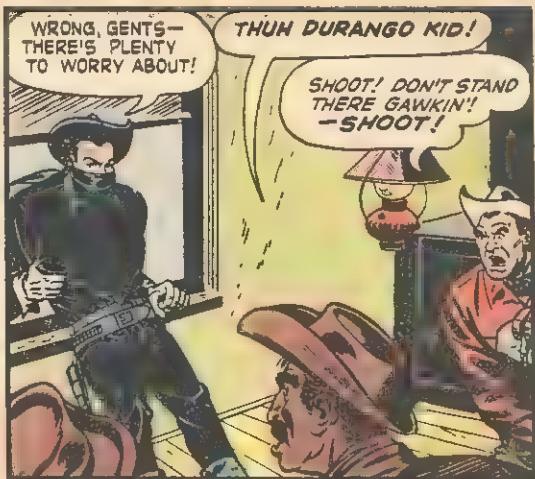
WE WUZ LUCKY ON THEM OTHER JOBS—KEEPIN' CLEAR O'THUM DURANGO KID!

BUT THIS JOB — A BANK! DURANGO'S SHORE TUH COME POKIN' HIS NOSE IN!

THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



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THE DURANGO KID



THE DURANGO KID



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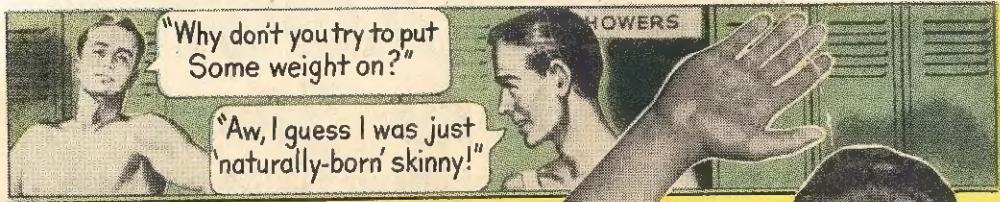
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